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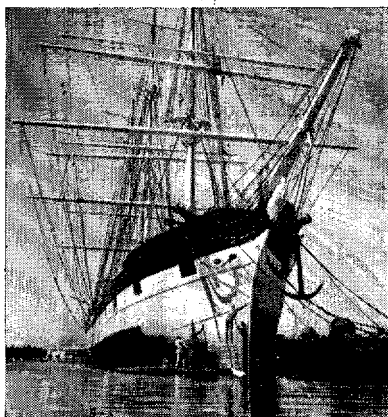
The Wonderful Ship That Almost Disappeared

That's a fabulous ship dozing away her old age on this week's cover. When John Falter painted the Pacific Queen, last of the famed Cape Horn fleet, she was sleeping on a remote mud bank in San Francisco Bay, distantly visible from the cliffside house where John and Margaret Falter dwell; and he didn't know she was about to wake up and enjoy the grandest time of her life.

In 1886 the Queen beat her way around the Horn, paid her first call to

San Francisco and, with many similar craft, began helping to build the famous cool gray city by the sea. She had just been born in a Scotland shipyard and christened the Balclutha. With cargoes of English coal, California grain, Australian lumber, and jute from India, she circled the globe again and again, first flying the British "red duster," then the multihued flag of the republic of Hawaii, and finally, by a special act of Congress, the Stars and Stripes. Seventeen times she rounded the Horn, and after that, renamed Star of Alaska, for a quarter of a century she was the swiftest of the Alaska Packers fleet in the salmon trade. Then things weren't so good; for years she moped on that mud bank, first as movie prop and show ship, and finally just as a weary, rust-pitted hulk.

But just as she was about to die at the hands of wreckers, the San Francisco Maritime Museum bought her through



A shining past, and a shining future.

private subscriptions, and suddenly a heart-warming thing happened. The museum didn't have the \$120,000 necessary to restore her. In a port often beset by weird union-labor tangles, eighty shipping companies chipped in \$55,000 worth of material, and 550 volunteers from eighteen maritime unions, and from no unions, put in 16,000 work hours, weekends and evenings. So early this summer the brand-new, old ship berthed permanently on the city's Embarcadero as bands blared and thousands cheered. There she was christened—again—Balclutha by a Mrs. I. F. Dunn, whose father was the ship's fourth master, and who was born while her mother was sailing on the Indian Ocean fifty-six years ago, on the Balclutha, of course.

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